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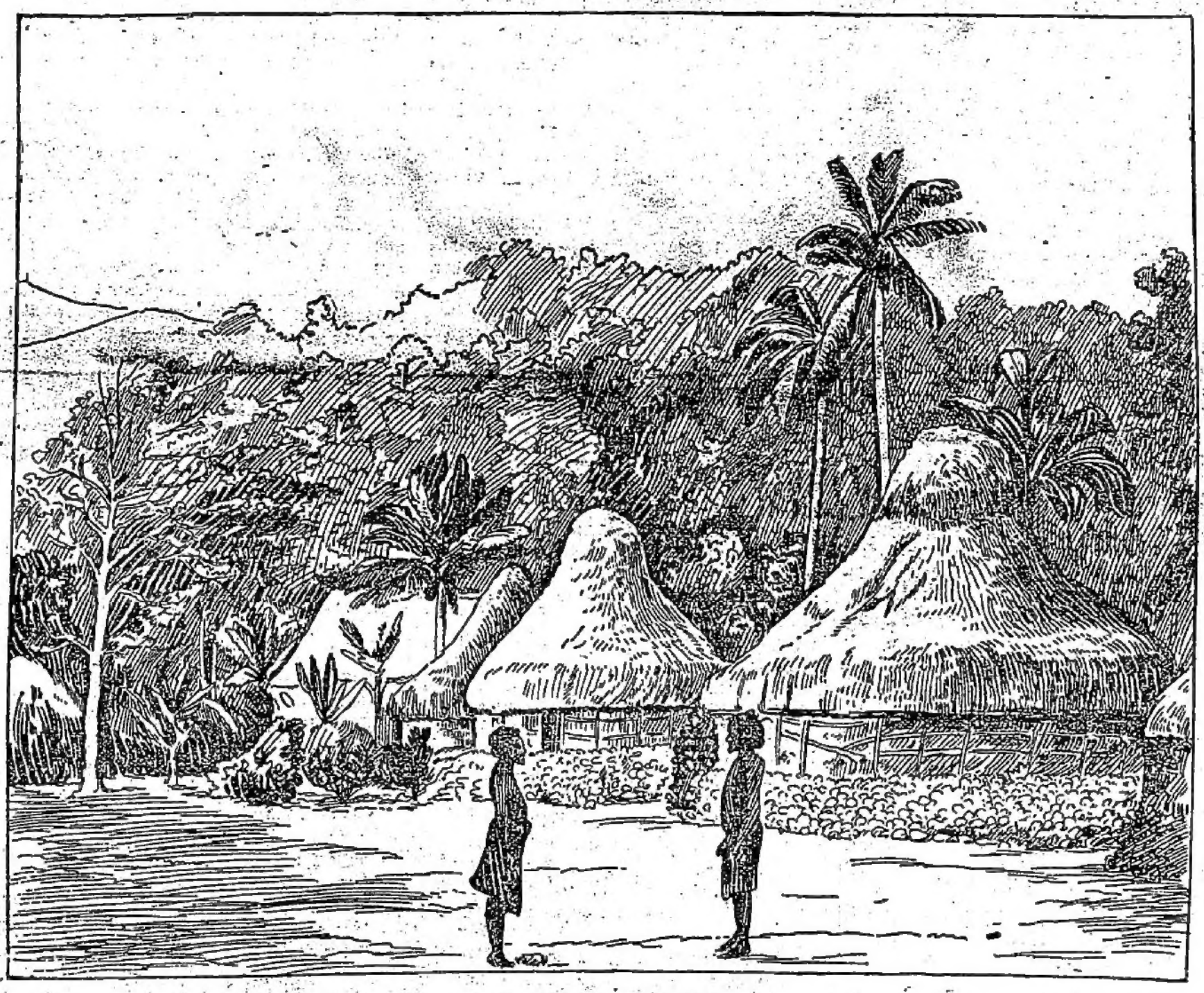
In the Fiji Islands.

(John Telford, in 'Sunday at Home.')

Fiji was annexed by England in 1874. The epidemic of measles which Thakomban's retinue brought back from Sydney after the annexation, swept away one-third of the people, and the population seems to be declining. Our task in Fiji is not easy, but the natives are being trained in self-government, and a great council of the chiefs meets the governor every year in May to consider all matters affecting the islands. Village councils assemble every month, to deal with springs, wells, and various local questions. A cluster of these villages form a district and their representatives meet on the first Tuesday in each month to regulate all matters that cannot be decided by the village councils. Grave cases are sent on to the higher provincial councils which are held twice a year. The chief of each district has to give an account of the villages under his jurisdiction. The sanitation, the record of births, deaths and marriages, the condition of the schools, all come under review here. Those who cultivate the soil pay some fixed proportion of their produce to the government. The amount of the tax which each province must raise is fixed by the Legislative Council, and a scale of prices is named at which produce will be received. Then it is arranged what articles each district will send. Sometimes a village grows its own tax produce with its ordinary crops; sometimes villages combine to grow their tax produce in one large plantation. The system as now worked has some disadvantages of its own, but it has yielded a considerable revenue and has also stimulated industry and production. The hated poll tax has been abolished, a fair price has been secured for native produce.

The Fijian is not capable of prolonged labor like a European, but he is devoted to his garden. It would not be easy to find youth or man who has not his own plot under cultivation. An axe and knife are used for clearing purposes, with a stick for digging. In the spring, or planting season, a whole community will band together, tilling all the village gardens in turn. Sometimes the seed is also provided from the general store, the actual owner having only to furnish provisions for the day. Sugar, maize, fibre, fruit, pearl-shell, peanuts, and coffee find a market in Australia and New Zealand. Bananas and pineapples grow luxuriantly.

Annexation has proved an undoubted blessing to Fiji. There are, however, many difficult problems yet to be solved. The cotton and sugar planters have suffered heavily, partly through their own lack of foresight and economy, partly through the difficulty of securing laborers. The population does not increase. There is little doubt that two hundred years ago it was ten times as large as at present. Before 1874 it had been diminishing at the rate of five thousand a year. Then came the dreadful measles epidemic. Sanitary reform is needed, for many of the villages are rendered unhealthy by the deep ditches and stagnant water which surround them; and the dead have for generations been buried among the homesteads. Wise reforms are being gradually introduced, and it is hoped that this fine race may receive a new lease of national life through British rule.



A FIJIAN VILLAGE.

The outlook in Fiji is, therefore, not without its dangers and trials. But, whatever the future may be, English Christianity has reason to thank God for the triumphs won in this old haunt of cannibalism. The islands were once in a chronic state of war, and all prisoners were slain and eaten. Women were bound hand and foot and laid on the ground to serve as rollers for the heavy war-canoes of the chiefs. Others were buried alive clasping the post of the chief's new hut. One shudders to think of these days of terror. One man boasted that he had eaten parts of eight hundred and seven-

ty-two human bodies. Now all is changed. Miss Gordon-Cumming wrote of the time of her visit, 'Every family in the length and breadth of the seventy-two inhabited islands begins and ends each day with the singing of Christian hymns, reading the scriptures in their own tongue, and devout prayer offered by the head of each household, and concluding with the Lord's prayer, in which all audibly unite. I doubt if there be any other corner of the world from which the outgoings of morning and evening waft to heaven so united a voice of prayer and praise.' Baron de Hubner, the great German scientist and traveller, once asked a Wesleyan missionary how he accounted for the change. He replied, 'I cannot account for the change that has taken place, except in one way. . . . I believe in God, and I account for it by the influence of the Holy Ghost.' The Baron bowed his head reverently, and answered, 'So do I.'

None But Christ Can Satisfy.

An old lady was dying; and over her, a fair, flaxen-haired girl was bending, anxious to catch her last messages. After she had given what messages she could, she said, 'Oh, my dear child! my greatest sorrow is leaving you—I fear for you!'

Doubtless it was the attractive face that made the mother dread that her child would have many temptations; and it might be that she had seen the confiding, simple, sweet ways of her loved child; besides which, the mother knew that Christ had never gained her heart's affections, and that to her the world was very attractive.

'I have prayed for you, and must leave you to my Lord.'

Later she ceased to speak audibly; but her lips were moving; and the girl tried to listen, but could not catch the words.

'Oh, mother!' she cried, 'what is it? Can I do anything for you?'

With a great struggle the mother whispered: —

Now none but Christ can satisfy,
No other name for me!'

It was the last effort; and soon she passed away to be with him who would fully satisfy her.

The daughter lived on and drank somewhat deeply of the pleasures of the world; attractive, sweet, and winsome, she had many false friends, and went on in the whirl of folly.

A good many years had passed when I heard from a friend that the daughter — now the mother of several fair, flaxen-haired children—was living near me; and, for her mother's sake, I went to visit her. Referring to the mother's dying words, I asked if she had been satisfied by the life in the world which she had lived.

She said, 'No.' And then she owned that she was most unhappy, and that the unhappiness increased, even although she had tried various remedies—amongst others, religion. She had changed from church to church, and was now attending a very high church. She had sought counsel from clergymen, and latterly had been going to frequent early morning communion, and even to confession; but still she had no peace. She knew her mother had possessed a peace and joy to which she, as yet, was a stranger, notwithstanding all her religious services and attempts.

'How did you think of going to confession?' I asked.

'The clergyman advised it, and I went one evening to church. I had to wait an hour,' she said, 'in the dimly-lighted building, and I felt so cold, and it was so strange, that I never went back again; besides, I did not think I got any good from it.'

'How many sins did you confess?' I asked.

'Three,' she replied.

'Well,' I said, I don't want to know them, but I know one which I am sure you did not confess, and which, if you persist in, will condemn you, and land you in a lost eternity.'

'Oh,' she said, 'I am not so bad as you seem to think me; I am not guilty of any such sin as that. What do you mean?'

I said, 'It is the sin of keeping the Lord Jesus outside of your heart. He has loved you and given his life for you, and now comes with his pierced hands and with the marks of the spear-thrust in his side, and he says to you: "I have died for you; I want your heart's affections—let me in"; you have had a heart for anything and everything but your Saviour, who still stands without, and you keep him out at your peril, for he alone can save you. Your mother knew,' I added, 'that none but Christ could satisfy, and what you need is Christ. You have owned to me that you have tried everything else, and failed: try letting the Lord in.'

After a little more talk, we knelt together in prayer; and, as I parted from her, she held my hand, and said—

'I cannot tell you how happy I feel since I opened my heart to the Lord.'

'And so you have let him in now, have you? I am indeed glad to hear you say so,' I said, and left her.

We often meet now, and the smile on that once so sad face tells me that Christ has satisfied the daughter as well as the mother. —'Faithful Words.'

A Quaint Remark and Its Effect.

(By Dean Stanley.)

What do we mean by 'heaven?' What is 'the kingdom of heaven,' whether below or above? What do we mean when we speak of 'heaven upon earth?' We mean, and the bible means, many things. Things 'which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard'; 'unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter.' But we all mean this, and the bible teaches us this, and it is far beyond what was known by our heathen forefathers: 'In heaven there is no sin.' They believed that in the other world, after a short respite of peace and love, the powers of evil would again break out more strongly than ever, and that everything good would be trampled down and destroyed, even more than upon earth. To us, the hope of heaven is the hope that the evil which vexes and tempts and defiles and deceives us here will never appear before us again. Whatever good we are doing here, whatever good we see others doing here, will be continued there. Whatever evil we have done here, whatever others do to us here, will, if by God's grace, we reach that better land, be left behind us, never to be seen again.

Let me tell a tale which is perfectly true, and, though it relates to one humble calling, has its lesson for all.

It was about thirty years ago, or more, when stage-coaches still ran, that an excellent old clergyman, who had made a keen observation of the world, was travelling on the top of the coach from Norwich to London. It was a cold winter night, and the coachman, as he drove his horses over Newmarket Heath, poured forth such a volley of oaths and foul language, as to shock all the passengers. The old clergyman, who was sitting close to him, said nothing, but fixed his piercing blue eyes upon him with a look of extreme wonder and astonishment. At last the coachman became uneasy, and turning round to him, said, 'What makes you look at me, sir, in that way?'

The clergyman said, still with his eye upon him, 'I cannot imagine what you will do in heaven! There are no horses, or coaches, or saddles, or bridles, or public-houses in heaven. There will be no one to swear at, or to whom you can use bad language. I cannot think what you will do when you get to heaven.'

The coachman said nothing more, and they parted at the end of the journey. Some years after the clergyman was detained at the inn on the same road, and was told that a dying man wished to see him. He was taken up in a bedroom in a loft, hung round with saddles, bridles, bits and whips, and on the bed amongst them, lay the sick man.

'Sir,' said the man, 'do you remember speaking to the coachman who swore so much as he drove over Newmarket Heath?' 'Yes,' replied the clergyman. 'I am that coachman,' said he, 'and I could not die happy without telling you how I have remembered your words, "I cannot think what you will do in heaven." Often and often, as I have driven over the heath I have heard these words ringing in my ears, and I have flogged the horses to make them get over the ground faster, but always the words have come back to me, "I cannot think what you will do in heaven.'

We can all suppose what the good minister said to the dying man. But the words apply to every human being whose chief interest lies in other things than doing good, and being good, and who delights in doing and saying what is evil. There is no money-making in heaven—there is no promotion—there is no gossip—there is no idleness—there is no controversy—there is no detraction in heaven—'I cannot think what you will do when you go to heaven.' Let these words ring in our ears, and tell us as we read, that nothing except goodness gets into heaven.—'Good Words,' for 1861.

Learn by Heart.

It is very proper to search for the meaning of the lesson text. We must understand before we can teach, and we must study before we can profit greatly by a recitation. To study the lesson is a necessity to teacher and scholar alike. The best teacher cannot atone by the fullness of his knowledge or thoroughness of his method for lack of study on the part of the class. Patient thought, in the use of available helps; close, consecutive reasoning under the invoked help of the Holy Spirit is a condition of an interesting and edifying time in the recitation.

But we must not make exclusive use of the reflective or reasoning powers of the mind. God gave us a memory—a truly marvellous mental faculty. We must use not memory less while using reason more. We must lay up in our memory abundant material upon which the other reflective powers may be employed when no copy of the scriptures is at hand. It is a duty of parents and Sunday-school teachers and officers to encourage the young in our homes and Sunday-schools, to commit to memory regularly portions of the Word of God. Usually in our lesson helps certain verses in each lesson are designated as the most suitable to memorize. But to the extent of my observation, but little of this kind of work is being done. It is a great weakness in current methods of teaching the word of God. It needs to be pointed out, and against it should go up a general and prevailing protest.—J. B. Kanaga.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Unanswered Prayers.

('Friendly Greetings.')

'I don't believe in praying, and I don't want to hear anything more about it'; and the young man left his seat, and marching to the grate gave the fire a vigorous poke with the toe of his boot.

'Have you ever tried it?'

'Yes'; and he blushed as though confessing some weakness.

After that there was a silence for a few minutes, then — 'A sensible boy like you ought to be able to see it, Rex. We are often just as blind to what is really good for us as little children, only we are much more sure of perfect justice. What God does in regard to our requests must be perfectly right.'

'What use then of telling us to pray, if we are not to have what we ask for?'

'We must look to how we ask for it. We have directions given us, you know; we must pray in faith, which means, not that we are to believe that our prayers will surely be answered, but that if they are not answered as we wish them to be, it is for our best good that they should not be.

'Then, there is another thing: if they are not answered as soon as we expect, we need not be discouraged; as we may not be ready for what we long for; it may be that it is only in love that God is keeping back the answer.'

'Mamma!' called a little voice, and Rex gave a sigh of relief. He had heard all this before, he told himself. 'Oh, here you are!' and a little girl came into the room. 'May I begin on my cushion now? See, I have worked all the leaves you marked for me. May I, mamma?'

'Let me look at your work, Edith'; and she took the little piece of silk, and began to examine it, half-smiling at the drawn leaves and large stitches.

In the meantime Edith was explaining the matter of the cushion to her uncle.

'You see, Uncle Rex,' she said, 'I am going to make a cushion for Aunt Edith for Christmas, but I don't know how very well, and so I have been learning on little pieces, and I guess now I can begin on the big piece of silk. Will it do, mamma?' turning eagerly to her mother, her little face pink with excitement.

For a moment the mother did not answer. The little thing had tried so hard, had brought her trial patch so many times, that it seemed almost cruel to disappoint her again; but would it not be even more cruel to allow her to take the handsome silk with the certainty of ruining it, thus spoiling her gift for the want of a little more patient practice? So she answered:

'It is better than the last, Edith, much better, dear, but not quite good enough for the new silk yet'; and her own eyes filled as the tears of disappointment ran down the little cheeks. She drew the child to her side, and kissing her tenderly, took the poor little bit of work, pointed out the mistakes, and showed her how to correct them. And the child listened, anxious to improve, and patient and gentle in spite of her disappointment.

'IT IS ONLY FAIR TO TELL YOU THAT I TAKE BACK WHAT I SAID.'

Rex had been forgotten by them both, but had been quietly listening, intensely interested in the whole proceeding; and when the little one, taking her work, went away, he sat still, leaning on his elbow with a look of deep thought and gravity on his face.

'Poor little thing!' said his sister, with a little sigh, 'how my heart ached to disappoint her again. Shall we go back to our conversation, Rex?'

'Alice,' he said, lifting his head, and looking at her, you have done more to convince me during the last ten minutes than hours of conversation would have accomplished, and I wonder that you do not see it yourself.'

But she had been too much engrossed with her little child to notice the lesson she had given him.

'Do you suppose,' he continued, in answer to her look of surprise, 'that God feels half as sorry about delaying the answers we want to our prayers as you did about disappointing that child?' Then she understood.

'Oh, Rex, how can you ask? "As a father pitieth his children"—you know the rest.'

'And,' went on Rex, 'I suppose it was a pretty good example of what you meant by God not giving us the answers we look for to our prayers because we are not ready for them. Alice,'—then he stopped, but an innate sense of honesty compelled him to go on—'it is only fair to tell you that I take back what I said; and I will try Edith's way of accepting disappointments, believing that God is as tender and loving as you are. Yes,' as she was about to speak. 'A thousand times more so!' And having expressed himself far more fully than was at all his wont on such subjects, he turned abruptly and left the room.—A. L. Hannah.

Keeping a Conscience.

('League Journal.')

It was a rough winter night. The wind, in long, heavy blasts, swept a wild moorland tract in the North of England, and rushed down upon a little town that lay just over the edge of the moor with a fury that soon cleared the steep, ill-paved streets of all passengers save those who were compelled to face its fury. The sign-boards of the various public-houses creaked, as they swung threateningly over the causeway, and here and there banging doors, and the loud barking of defiant dogs, filled the momentary lull of the wind, that seemed to sing and swell like billows around the houses. But from many a window came a gleam of light that told of bright fire-sides and cosy rooms, where the howling of the wind without only increased the sense of comfort within. A solitary horseman rode at a brisk trot over the moor—his surefooted steed evidently accustomed both to rough riding and rough roads. The traveller is expected, for at the bow-window of a lonely house on the outskirts of the town a lady is holding back the curtain, and looking over the paddock in front towards the wild path, that leads from the wilder moors. How lovely the slender form at the window looks, standing in the crimson gleam reflected from a bright fire and lamp shedding their rays on the red curtain which her white hand holds aside with such unconscious grace! No wonder that the horseman reins up a moment before he approaches the friendly gate, and, wild as the night is, feasts his eyes on the charming picture that stands, in all its nymph-like grace, clearly defined before him. But the curtain is hastily dropped, and in a moment after the outer door has opened, and a voice, distinct in its bell-like clearness, even amid the roaring of the blast, calls, 'Walter! dear Walter! why do you not make haste? Here, Tom; here's your master—be quick! How it blows!'

'Yes, rebel!' said the horseman, as he leaped down: 'and why could you not stay patiently within, like a wise woman, you little feather-brain.'

'No such thing, Walter. If I were feather-brain, I should be blown away to-night, instead of which here I am.'

As this was said, there was a little leap forward, into arms that, sooth to say, seemed to expect the burden, and to bear it into the house gaily enough.

'Is this the way, Mistress Jessie, you receive your tired husband, and lighten his toils, saucy helpmate that you are—helpless, I think I must say.'

'Helpless! Say such a word, if you dare, in the presence of this bright fire. This kettle, sir, sings a loud denial from the hob, and the toast and tea are warm in their defence of your helpful wife. Your very slippers are ready to fly in your face at such an aspersion.'

As the little laughing wife uttered these words, her busy hands were arranging the tea-table; while Walter, as she called him,

was throwing off his cloak, and preparing to do honor to the comfortable evening meal.

Yes! comfortable—that was the word for the meal and the room. It was very plainly furnished—a round centre-table, a few cane chairs, a well-stocked book-case, full crimson curtains, now drawn closely over the one wide window, and a hearth, whose bright fender and irons multiplied the dancing light of the glowing fire, and gleamed o'er the neat checked carpet. Some fine crayon drawings were the only decorations of the walls, except the certificate of a surgeon, that, framed and glazed, occupied a recess by the fire-place. How many rooms, all gilding and glitter, French polish, and drapery, looked less pleasant and home-like, than this little parlor! Cleanliness and neatness, those embellishments of life to high and low, were there in all their freshness and order; and the young couple who flanked the clear fire, with the tea-table between them, would have graced any dwelling, however stately. Walter was tall, dark, at the first view grave-looking—but the light that lay in the clear depths of his hazel eyes, the waving hair that fell off in sable masses from his broad,white forehead, and the pleasant curve of the mouth, all aided the expression that played like light and shade on a mountain-side, over his somewhat strongly marked features and sombre black brows. Sense, determination and good humor were blended in that face, and a world of love flashed in his glances, as he looked at the blue-eyed, auburn-tressed, blooming little fairy, who was pouring out his tea, and who, from the crown of her graceful head, to the sole of her saucy bit of a foot, was so dainty, delicate, arch, and provoking, that she amply justified the tender and triumphant glance that her husband bent upon her. And yet, as the meal went on, Jessie was conscious of a something—perhaps the prescience of her love had divined it before his coming—a something that troubled her husband that night more than usual. She saw it lingering behind the flashes of his loving glance; she heard it in the tones of his voice, like a sigh struggling to break in upon its music; and when the tea things were removed and the fire stirred for a rousing blaze, Jessie sat on a hassock that brought her head close to her husband's knee, and taking one of his long, brown hands in both hers, without looking up, said

'What is it, Walter—any new disaster—tell me, dear?'

'Oh, nothing new,' replied Walter, coughing down a sigh, nervously. Then after a pause, through his shut teeth he added, half abstractedly, 'It's tough work, Jessie, my girl, rowing against wind and tide—tough work. But I am not going to give in, though,' He released his hand from Jessie's clasp, and smote it down on the table with a thump, and then, as if apologetically, he laid it tenderly on her head. The blue eyes looked up from under the shadow of the pent-house hand, and Jessie said:—

'Give in, indeed! Never! Faint heart never won fair lady.'

'Ah, my Jessie, that is true; but fortune is more fickle than fair, and often an unprincipled jade to boot. She's harder to win honestly than a certain fair lady that I know.'

'Hush! heretic, rebel, mutineer—what shall I call you? It is not true,' yet she added, after a little pause, 'and you know every one says a medical man cannot get a practice in a day.'

'No, Jessie; but we have been here two years, and we are farther off than at first.

'Oh, Walter; and the poor people are always coming to you, and——'

'And the rich, Jessie? they desert me; and I would bide my time, little wife, but you make a coward of me.'

'I! Why, Walter—now, that's not fair. I may make a brave man braver — a strong man stronger—but a coward! No, that I shall never make you. If being true and honest, and faithful to principle, is not the way to success, why, it's not we that are ruined, it's the world.'

'Well, Jessie, and if so, it amounts to the same thing.'

'No, Walter. People who have health and youth, and honesty and talent, are not and cannot be ruined. That's the best capital, I've heard you say twenty times; and depend on it, Walter, that Mr. Treboosy will be found out; for although people take drink freely themselves, they do not like a drinking doctor.'

'They like his prescriptions, my Jessie! and this very day I have lost my election as parish surgeon. Mr. Acrid, the distiller, and Gullem, the vintner, were at the board, and the guardians decided on re-instating Treboosy.'

A flush was on Jessie's cheek, and a tear in her eye, for she knew that the appointment of parish surgeon, though involving great labor and poor pay, was of the utmost importance to her husband, as it brought his professional skill into repute and aided him in getting a practice—so that by these tidings even her buoyant spirits were checked, and, still caressing her husband's hand, she was silent, wondering, meanwhile, that people should trust their own lives, and mourning that the poor who could not help themselves should be trusted to the care of a man noted for intemperance, and of whose neglect and cruelty to his pauper patients she had heard soul harrowing details. Ah! Jessy had yet to learn that the world is very lenient to those whose vices are popular, so long as those vices only injure the poor; and she had equally to learn that virtue, if it condemns the practice of the majority, is sure to engender malice. Her husband's determination to live soberly, and to give sober remedies to his patients, was the hindrance to his success. He neither would drink with them nor sanction their drinking. People who wanted the flimsy pretext of medical prescription to quiet their consciences—ladies who desired to quote their doctor as advising port or sherry, bottled porter, or a dash of spirits now or then, were annoyed at the young surgeon, and soon returned to that kind, good soul, Treboosy — who was no one's enemy but his own.

The reverie of the young couple was disturbed by the sound of a horse's gallop, that, in the lull of the wind, seemed to be approaching near. 'Called out on such a night, Walter,' was the sentence hardly out of Jessie's lips, when they heard a well-known voice shouting, 'Here, Jack, take my horse. Is Mr. Elton within?'

'Why, it's Uncle Smithson, Jessie, come to see us at last, and on such a night as this.' Without a moment's delay both husband and wife hastened into the passage, and met their unexpected visitor at the threshold with many words of greeting, mingled with a surprise they could not check.

In a little time he was divested of all his wraps, and seated cosily in the snug seat Walter had just vacated, with his feet resting on the hassock that had served for Jessie's perch, and while he refreshed himself with tea, the young couple learned that their relative, who was a physician, had been called in to a consultation at a neighboring town, and preferred taking a bed at his nephew's to riding fifteen miles across the moor to his own house on such a night.

Walter Elton was almost as much surprised to hear that his uncle had been at a consultation as he had been to see him in his house that night. For Dr. Smithson had suddenly given up practice some years before, no one knew why, though, as he wrote extensively on medical subjects, it became gradually the general opinion that he wanted to devote himself to the literature of his profession. His skill was undoubted, but he refused all applications, though his means were far from ample. He it was who had brought up his orphan nephew, Walter Elton, and had implanted the strict temperance principle which the young surgeon had *so fully carried out*; as yet, it must be owned, to his professional injury. At the urgent solicitation of an old personal friend, Dr. Smithson had attended this evening's consultation, and was now making brief but keen inquiries about his young relative's prospects, and hearing the reluctantly expressed fears as to ultimate success which Walter could not suppress.

Dr. Smithson was a small, thin man, with an anxious, nervous expression of countenance. He was bald, his high forehead was furrowed with deep lines of care rather than age, and an agitated twitching of the mouth told a tale of irresolution that the clear gray eyes contradicted. There was evidently a contest in his nature. His reason clear, prompting him to firmness; his feelings acute, betraying him to weakness. He heard his nephew's discouraging account with a disturbed look, and then fell into a deep reverie, which neither Jessie nor Walter disturbed by a single word. At length, rousing himself, he looked from one to the other, and said, 'You find keeping a conscience expensive, no doubt; but you must not flag, for, if you do not cling to conscience as a friend, it will cling to you as an enemy.' A sigh, so heavy that little Jessie looked scared, followed the words, and the speaker after a while resumed, saying, 'I'll open a page of my experience for you—a page I had thought closed for ever—and if you are halting irresolute as to your course, what I have to tell may be useful. You know, Walter, that I was in practice at Mill Regis for many years; but you do not know why I gave up my prospects of a successful career in an honorable profession, and sank in the prime of my life into a mere recluse. Well, you shall hear. Among my patients was the family of a merchant, one of those delightful households that remind one of a better world. Mr. and Mrs. Morrell, Miss Digby, Mrs. Morrell's sister, and a lovely group of well-trained children, comprised the family. If ever there was a perfectly happy home in this world it was theirs. The father, though a keen business man, was God fearing, and full of tender and wise consideration in his family. Mrs. Morrell and her sister were not only very cultivated, but very gifted women. It had been an early marriage of the heads of the household — Mrs. Morrell was not more than thirty when her seventh child was born, her husband was some four years older, her sister five years younger. I became the friend as well as physician of this family. I may add, though that concerns no one but myself, that I had hopes—Maria Digby inspired them—of being their relative.' Uncle Smithson paused a moment here to swallow down a sigh, and continued —'You must not think these women lived for themselves and their own homestead only. They were the friends of the poor in the best sense—they helped them to help themselves. In the schools, by the bed of sickness and death, amid the struggles of decent industry, there were Mrs. Morrell and Maria, instructing, comforting, aiding. And, though gratitude is very rare, yet I am bound to say that the names of my friends were

rarely uttered without a blessing. It was considered a public calamity in the town of Mill-Regis when Mrs. Morrell met with an accident that injured the knee-joint, and threatened serious consequences. You know the fame of C——, the celebrated surgeon; he was my coadjutor in the treatment of the case. Though he was consulted at a very early stage, his skill was baffled, and there was no hope of saving the limb. When amputation was resolved on I trembled for the result, for Mrs. Morrell's constitution had been weakened by the many demands her numerous family had made on it. Though but a young woman, she had not the elasticity of youth, and we resorted, both before and after the operation to stimulants; for the purpose of sustaining nature, as we said. She bore the amputation with the fortitude women pre-eminently show in operations, but I confess I had my doubts about the regime prescribed for my patient. I had misgivings that the nature of these stimulants, so freely ordered by the faculty, had never been sufficiently studied. They are a convenient and popular prescription, but I was conscious that a fit of illness, or a prolonged attendance on the sick, often brought on the worst of maladies—intemperance. I knew that women were often the victims of medical advice, but, coward that I was, I yielded my judgment, stifled my convictions. The luxurious, delicious, deceptive potion was taken daily in all innocence by Mrs. Morrell, and soon looked for with eagerness; relished, relied on; found indispensable. For two months she lay in imminent peril; then, in a fitful way, she began to mend. She was fearfully harrassed with neuralgic pains. Narcotics, as well as stimulants were freely administered. She bore her sufferings with patient sweetness, and her fine mind long surmounted the horrors both of her malady and her medicines. Oh! to think of her clinging to life for her children's sake—willing to suffer and to try all things if she might be restored, mutilated cripple as she was, to train the little group, whose pictures hung round her room to feast her eyes when she was for weeks too weak to have them brought to her. And yet, though the mother's heart-strings were pulled earthwards by little hands, there were times when the soul soared heavenward, and with an unfaltering toung she could say, 'Not my will, but Thine, be done.'

'Her sister's love and care were so constant that her health began to suffer. I had placed an experienced nurse with Mrs. Morrell from the commencement of her illness; and as the more urgent symptoms abated, Miss Digby gave her attention more fully to the three children who were at home—the four eldest had been placed at school. Things were in this state, when calling, as was my custom the last thing at night, I was startled by a strange incoherence in Mrs. Morrell's manner. She had been weeping bitterly, and appeared all at once to realize how helpless she had become, and must ever remain. No person in health can, perhaps, estimate the anguish with which a young and beautiful woman, beloved and admired, finds herself suddenly an object of pity, maimed, and dependent for life. I tried to comfort her, but she resented my condolence; and I left her with the thought that her fine temper and spirit were both worn with her trials, and that it would be advisable to remove her as soon as possible to a cottage Mr. Morrell had taken on the banks of the Mill-Regis river, three miles south of the town. In about three weeks from the evening in question, on a splendid July day, the invalid was removed to her pleasant retreat, where the river flowed peacefully before the cottage, and deep woods in the rear extended for miles. I was satisfied with the immediate effects of this change, though I never saw again the look of resignation that had been so affecting in the early stages of her illness. She became abstracted, melancholy querulous; and I was startled by Maria asking me one day whether such continued potions of strong drink, as the nurse administered, could be either necessary or safe? I found, on inquiry, that my original prescription had been doubled in quantity. In vain I tried to reduce the dose. Sleeplessness and terrible neuralgia wore the sufferer, or deep despondency threatened to settle down upon her. I would have given my right arm to have undone the injury that stimulants, scientifically prescribed, were doing to both mind and body. I called in a medical friend, experienced in disease of the brain, and he treated my fears lightly, and, above all things, protested against any reduction of either sedatives or stimulants. Uneasy, and apprehending I know not what, I redoubled my attention, and as summer waned into autumn, I became convinced that the nurse was not a safe person to administer stimulants, either as medicine or beverage. We talk with horror of poisonings — these professional nurses have one poison ever at hand that kills more than all the rest put together.

'I communicated my dissatisfaction to Mr. Morrell, who was at that time at his counting-house at Mill-Regis. He went immediately to the cottage deliberating how to effect the removal of the nurse without agitating his wife. To his great relief Mrs. Morrell made a complaint that the nurse talked to her in the night, and prevented her sleeping, and proposed that the woman's bed should be removed to the adjoining room. As this seemed to meet the difficulty halfway, and to be a preliminary that would lead soon to the dismissal of the nurse, my friend assented to the plan, and left his wife's sofa considerably relieved. He then looked in upon Miss Digby who was with the children in the nursery. Pressing business compelled him to return and pass the night at Mill-Regis, and when he parted from his wife he remembered afterwards that she called him back and said—"Edward, dear, forgive me all the trouble I have caused you.'

'"Forgive," that's a wrong word," he answered, 'and so is "trouble."'

'"Never mind, Edward!" she insisted, "let me say the words once more, "Forgive me, dear!"'

'He humored her request, for the tears were brimming her eyes,—and they parted. Ah! never to meet again!

'Mrs. Morrell's apartments were two parlors on the left-hand side of the little entrance hall. They were convenient,as she could be carried from her bed to the sofa in the sitting-room more easily than up and down a stair-case; and it was settled the nurse that night should remove her chair-bed into the front parlor, and Mrs. Morrell, alluding to herself, expressed a hope that "she should have rest and quiet that night." She insisted on the folding doors between the rooms being closed and a table put against them, and when the nurse urged that she must come to give the patient medicine in the night, Mrs. Morell said—"Come at five o'clock, I will not take it earlier."

'Maria, as was her wont, read and prayed at her sister's bedside; thought her unusually composed, and without any misgiving, left her for the night, merely telling the nurse, aside, to go into her room about one o'clock, but not to speak to the invalid unless the latter spoke.

'It was a rainy night, and the back windows were beaten by heavy showers. Once Maria awoke, and thought she heard a cracking sound. She slipped out on the landing, looked over the stairs, and saw the nurse returning from the bedroom along the passage, to the front parlor. Miss Digby did not speak, but looking at her watch by the twilight, she saw it was one o'clock. Pleased with this proof of the nurse's vigilance, she retired to rest, and slept soundly for three hours, when she was awakened by a loud shriek. She sat up—the cry was repeated; her name was called franticly by the nurse. To leap out of bed, throw a dressing-gown round her, and rush down-stairs, was the work of a moment. All was darkness. The nurse had risen to visit her patient, and on entering the room was startled to find her night-light extinguished. Returning to fetch her own candle, as tremblingly she re-entered the chamber, a strong gust of wind blew it out. She called to her mistress, and rushing forward past the foot of the bed, the drifting rain dashed upon her face from the open window. Her screams of horror, and wild call had brought Maria to the room, who instantly laid her hands on the bed,—it was empty!'

'"What have you done with my sister?" was the momentary cry; for, she afterwards explained, the helplessness of the invalid was so complete—she had never yet been able to use a crutch, and was lifted about like an infant—that the idea of her moving by herself never once entered her mind. Fearing she knew not what, Maria went back to her room, procured a light, and returned to the bewildered nurse, still demanding, "Where is my sister—what have you done with her?"

'She was not in the room; and, looking from the window, the fitful moonlight struggling through a wild wrack of clouds, showed them nothing but the wet garden path, and the dripping boughs of trees swept by the early autumn gale. To leap down from the window and run along the path, followed by the shrieking nurse, was Maria's first impulse. No voice replied to their calls, and a terrible instinct led her to a well at the very bottom of the long garden. Even in the darkness of the night she found that the cover of the well, placed there as a precaution against accident to the children, had been removed, and by the brink Maria's feet were entangled in some obstacle. She lifted it in her hands and, by the feel, she knew it was Mrs. Morrell's Angola shawl! The maidservants, aroused by the cries, after what seemed to the distracted sister a dreadful delay, brought lanterns to the well, and there, in its depths, to their amazement as well as horror, lay, in the stillness of death, the well-known form. It was a shock that might well madden the brain of the beholder; and a panic seized Maria, so that, involuntarily wrapping the wet shawl she had found over her dressing-gown, she fled, with bare feet and head, through the woods that intervened between the cottage and Mill-Regis, and never stopped till she fell senseless at her brother's door. A policeman, who saw her fall, and recognized her, roused the household. In a few minutes the tidings of some terrible catastrophe spread. Mr. Morrell, followed by many friends, I among the number, hastened to the cottage. Meanwhile help had been procured, and two laboring men had succeeded in bringing up the corpse. When I entered the house, and passed through to the garden, not knowing what to expect, the cold glimmer of early dawn showed me a ghastly sight—Mrs. Morrell, her drenched clothes so tightly fastened and bound round her, that all doubts as to her dying by her own hands was removed, lay on the little lawn—her children's playplace! The husband, pale as a spectre, was kneeling on the wet grass, embracing the

marble-looking form, and mingling cries of agony with terms of endearment. A voice within me, as I approached that prostrate form—that frenzied husband—said, "This is your work." Ah, Walter and Jessie, you may start and say, "No." I tell you both what my soul tells me, strong drink disorganized the fine fabric of that brain and laid it in ruins. And I—fool that I was! — I ordered that strong drink. She might have rallied well; or, at all events, she might have died a death her family could have remembered without horror—a death in which God's hand was seen and reverenced, but for that accursed remedy. Remedy! forsooth. The science that upholds such a remedy may well be called "the destructive art of healing."

Heavy drops of perspiration rolled down Dr. Smithson's face as he spoke, and a painful silence followed, which Walter broke by saying, abstractedly, "It is the most singular suicide I ever heard of, in the weak state you describe."*

*This case is a literal fact. The scene, only, for obvious reasons, is altered.

'Yes; it was a preternatural effort, the result of stimulants. She had dropped from the window and crawled three hundred yards down the garden path to the well, and, more strangely still, had lifted the heavy cover, which was a man's work—poor thing! her hands were bruised with the effort, and her clothes torn and dabbled, though the care with which she had secured her attire showed that the instincts of modesty and neatness had survived her reason.'

'What became of the family?'

'Ah, don't ask me,' replied Dr. Smithson, with a groan, 'that was not the only death. Maria, the good,true-hearted sister, never recovered the shock; what, with the fright, and the exposure to the weather, a rheumatic fever came on. No serious apprehensions were entertained, but the disease attacked the heart, and in five weeks after, all that was mortal of the gentle creature shared the grave of her poor sister. Morrell disposed of his business, and took his motherless children to America, where I hear he lives a secluded life, stricken beyond the help of man, For me, too, that night was a crisis. Tortured by remorse, haunted by the pale face of the victim, and the upbraiding eyes of Maria, who had always remonstrated against the use of stimulants, my nerves were shaken; my confidence gone; I gave up my practice and went abroad, as you remember.'

'But, no one ever blamed you, uncle.'

'No; but my conscience blamed me. For a time I was a wanderer. I visited the most famous hospitals in Europe, and gave myself up to study. I rallied, and wrote, as you know—not, I trust, without benefit to science; but the practical part of the noble art for which I was trained has been to me a dead letter from that time. Perhaps in this I have been wrong, I do not set myself up to you, Walter, as an example—nay, I am a warning. Let me charge you never to pander to the diseased appetite, or the common prejudice, by recklessly prescribing these dengerous and insidious drinks. The moral effects of medicines, the formation of bad habits, ought not to be lost sight of by the medical philosopher. He should be the friend of his patients. Oh! Walter, I was the enemy of mine, and where I most wanted to be as a friend and brother.'

'Dear sir,' interposed Jessie, as she ventured to take the hand that Dr. Smithson had pressed to his brow, and pressed it in hers, 'we were talking when you came in of Walter's determination to abide by temperance principles in his treatment of patients, and though we were a little low-spirited at the difficulties the tastes and customs of society present, your warning of to-night will confirm Walter, I am sure.'

'It ought,' said Walter, 'unless I mean to degenerate into one of those mercenary wretches who gloat on a patient's sufferings for the sake of his gold. My enemy, Treboosy, may act as he pleases. I'll pursue the sober course.'

'Treboosy; what of him?' said Dr. Smithson.

'Oh, only the board of guardians to-day said, I was crotchetty with my temperance, and elected him their medical officer.'

'Well, if they did, he'll not be able to accept the post. The police are by this time after him. His career has been long and reckless, but it's over. I was called in by my old friend, farmer Sutton, of the Grange, who begged me to see his house-keeper, and meet Dr. Quicksett. The poor woman was dying, and from poison. Treboosy, from his own surgery, sent her a lotion, and labelled it as a dose in his own handwriting. He had been dining with some choice spirits at the Fountain——, a fiery fountain, slipped home for a few minutes, to see about some prescriptions; his young man was out, and the muddle-headed fellow made this fatal blunder. This is the third awkward case in Treboosy's practice in a few months. The others were neglect, and he managed to get over them, but this is palpable. I'm amazed, not only at the want of caution, but of compunction in these tipplers; but public indignation is aroused, and all the distillers and vintners in the district will not be able to screen a wretch who has long had the curses of the poor upon his murderous practice. So, if Treboosy has been your obstacle, Walter, that's removed. But, I warn you by the failure of others, whatever be the cost, "keep a conscience."'

The young surgeon made the promise, not only to his uncle; but, to his own soul, in the sight of God; and, though old topers talked of his whims, and young tipplers would have liked to drink genteely by medical advice, and therefore were for a time cool to him, his skill, promptitude, and real kindness, gradually won him the patronage of the rich, in addition to that which he had long had—the blessing of the poor.

Our Transfer Company.

(By Elizabeth P. Allan.)

'Cousin Sara, can you spare me a few minutes?'

The voice came from a raised window overlooking a village sidewalk, and, the person addressed, an old lady, to judge by her gray hair—an active and busy one, by her light, quick step—answered in clear tones.

'Ah, you beguiler! How many hours have I wasted in your little spider-parlor, when I ought to have been at work!' Nevertheless, she tripped lightly up the steps and went in.

'Now, then,' she said, with a keen glance into the pale face at the window, 'what did you call this fussy old maid away from her work for?'

'I want some advice, Cousin Sara, and—'

'Pooh-pooh! I might as well have saved my breath for some other flight of steps. If you are that rare being that is willing to take advice, you have got far enough on not to need it.'

'I haven't got on at all, I am stuck fast in the slough of despond.'

'What is the matter, Jane?' asked the visitor, with sudden kind gravity.

Tears came for an answer, but were driven resolutely back: 'Cousin Sara, is there nothing that I can do for others? I do not complain that I am a confirmed invalid, living on the charity of my kindred, for I have many more blessings than I deserve; but, oh, I do long for the privilege of having some little part in the blessed service that my Master has given the rest of you.'

There was a moment of precious and silent sympathy. Then the visitor's voice came with its cheery ring: 'My dear, how much better does the dear Lord know you than I do? How much more does he love you? Just ask him the question what you can do, and watch for the answer. And now'—she rose to go—'see if you can trade advice with me: I am scurrying around to get some clothes for Mrs. Conner to come to church in. The poor thing has managed to get her children decently clothed by going half-naked herself, and I am determined she shall not go so any longer. Mrs. Kent gave me a nice warm dress; went upstairs and took it off her own back, bless her! And I've got flannels and things, but I must have some sort of coat or shawl: can you suggest anyone that might give me one?'

'The very thing?' cried the invalid, joyously. 'Mary Haxall stepped in here yesterday, to show me her new velvet cape, "You piece of extravagance," I said, "I should be thankful for your old fur."'

'"Take it, and welcome," she said, thinking I was in earnest; but I told her the moths would eat it, before I could hope to wear it. Now Cousin Sara, just go around that way and tell Mary'—

But Cousin Sara was out of the door and half-way down the steps. And the next Sunday, poor Mrs. Conner was in church drinking in the blessed promises and comforts of God's Word, never so sweet as when they come into the hard pressed lives of the sons and daughters of toil.

Some weeks later than this Cousin Sara received a mysterious postal card: 'If a certain "officious old maid," that I know, will call at a certain spider-parlor that she knows, she will hear something to her advantage.'

'Jane has certainly emerged from her slough,' said Cousin Sara. And the daughter of Eve tied on her bonnet, and trotted off to the spider-parlor.

The invalid was in high spirits, and many a quip passed between the cousins, before the one would satisfy the curiosity of the other. Then Cousin Sara was taken into a little empty back-room: empty, did I say? It was the most strangely furnished room that ever you saw, containing nothing but tables of all sorts and conditions, and on the tables neat piles of everything worn by men, women and children, mended, assorted and folded.

'What is this?' cried Cousin Sara.

'I call it "Our Transfer Company,"' answered her cousin.

Then Miss Jane told how she sent fifty or more notes, by a little paid messenger, asking friends and acquaintances for every garment they had no use for, until she had a Bunker Hill monument of old clothes; how she had called in half-a-dozen young friends, not only to rejoice, but to sew with her, until they had reduced the pile to its present beautiful order.

'I see your greedy eyes gloating over these nice things,' said the first officer of the Transfer Company, 'but you shall not lay your finger on one of them, until you have brought with you representatives of all the different church benevolences: then we will have a "divide," but I mean to be strictly impartial.'

Cousin Sara started out on her usual run, but came back to ask, 'What put this into your head, Jane?'

'How can you pretend not to know?

When you tore off after Mary's fur cape the other day, I kneeled right down and took your advice. I asked my Lord to show me what I could do, and while I was waiting for him to show me, I thanked him that I had been used even to transfer that cloak to Mrs. Conner,'.

'"Even to fetch and carry for thee, dear Lord," I was beginning to say, when this plan came into my mind—or heart, and I jumped up, trembling with eagerness, to write the notes.

'You see, this is only the first of it, I expect my Transfer Company to go straight on. Many friends have promised me all they can spare, and I sit at my window and watch the world go by, I can mark every new bonnet or gown, that I may know where to get an old one. My lieutenants are willing to help with the mending, and bless you! my darning-basket looks like a grandmother's!'

'You say the Lord answered you right away about this thing, Jane?' asked the visitor, lingering.

'While I was speaking,' said Cousin Jane, with her eyes full of sudden tears; and Cousin Sara went off to get her comrades from the other churches, to introduce them to "Our Transfer Company." — 'American Messenger.'

Be Kind to Your Animals.

I should like to have a little talk with the lads on a subject very near to my heart. I have seen boys treat ponies and donkeys as if the poor creatures had no feeling; and let me tell you the boy or man who does it is a coward, for to ill-use a dumb animal that cannot retaliate, is the very height of cowardice, and any one who had a heart would not do it. An animal will soon show how it is used by its manner. If you see its head hang, with no life in the eyes, be sure it is always fearing a blow or a kick—no credit to the owner, let me tell him; but when a horse or a pony holds its head well (not with a bearing-rein, for only those use them who have neither thought nor care for their horse's comfort), and the eyes are clear and fearless, you may know it has kindly treatment. It pays, too, for all animals will work better for kindness. Blows never make good workmen, and the more you make your animal a friend, the better it will be for yourself. A dog that crouches, with tail and head drooping, always speaks of ill-treatment; and in every animal the difference between kindness and cruelty is as sure as light and darkness. Riding fast up hill, too, is very cruel, and often, by breaking the pony's wind, makes it valueless. And what pleasure can unkindness give? Perhaps you do not intend it, but the horse or pony does not know that, and only remembers what you do, for they never forget. Another thing; animals belong to God. He made them, they are his, and I believe man will have to give an account of what God has lent. 'A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.' Kind words cost nothing, but they mean a great deal, and every animal is the better for them. Do not forget the costermonger, who, when he was converted, said, 'My donkey knows I am a Christian!' I wish every man and boy could say the same. Try to make their burdens lighter; they are heavy enough without sorrow; for, little as you may think it, animals have as much instinct as yourselves, and feel as much the difference between kindness and cruelty as yourselves. Think over it, and if you have not done it hitherto, try it now. The prescription is not expensive, and may be always carried in the heart. — A. L. Mason, in 'Band of Mercy.'

'He Led Them On Safely.'

He led me through the wilderness, a place
of drought and thirst,
And there, when pain and weariness and
want seemed at the worst,
Behold! before me, clear and cool, fresh
springs of water burst.
(Isa. xli., 18.)

He led me on to dreary heights — bare
heights—a famine land,
(Yet all the time he held me fast, my hand
in his right hand),
E'en there green pastures, waters still, appeared at his command,
(Isa. xli., 18: xlix., 9, R.V.: Ps. xxiii., 2.)

He made me pass the angry waves, the
flooded rivers, too,
But there the sweeping floods were stayed;
I found a pathway through,
They could not overthrow his child; his
promise stood most true.
(Isa., xliii., 2.)

He led me through the furnace, where, beneath me, and above,
And on my right hand and my left, the
living heat did move,
But still the flames could only drive me
nearer him I loved.
(Isa. xliii., 2.)

He led me through the darkness by a way I
did not know,
A crooked way it seemed to me—and I drew
back—when, lo!
He made the darkness light, made straight
the way I had to go.
(Isa. xlii., 16.)

I am so weak, so very weak, a trembling
little child,
I shrink from pain and weariness, and from
the desert wild,
But I forget it all, when he, my Lord, on
me hath smiled.

—L. M. Carr, in 'The Christian.'

Direct Teachings.

The young Christian must get his teachings from the bible. Then they will be vivid, the soul of truth, and lasting and divine. So, too, his faith and hope must be scriptural, being born again by the Word of God which liveth and abideth for ever. There is always peril in emotional religion, The only hope that will hold out, and hold us in the hour of trial, is that which is founded on an intelligent knowledge of the gospel, and a firm grasp of the word of God. 'Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God.' True assurance must ever rest upon the promise of Christ. 'I have taken him at his word.' 'He said it, and, therefore, I know that I am saved.' These are the scriptural grounds of assurance, and these alone can satisfy the soul. How simple this makes the gospel for the poor sinner—just to claim his word! It is related that once an Eastern king had sentenced a rebel to his authority to be beheaded. On his way to the block to die the man asked for a drink of water, and it was brought to him. He lifted it to his lips with hands so trembling that he could not drink. The king felt a momentary thrill of pity as he saw the distress of the poor wretch. 'Fear not,' he said, 'your life is safe till you drink that water.' The next instant the man had dashed the goblet on the ground, saying, 'Then I will never drink it.' The king was caught in the snare of his own words, but he could not deny them, and he answered, 'By the word of a king you are saved, and free.' The offender had simply claimed the word of a king, and that, too, of an unwilling king, but it saved him. How much more, then, may we trust the tender, gracious word of a loving God! It is already given. If we grasp it, he cannot recall it. By the two immutable things spoken by him who cannot lie, we have strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us, which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast. The one and only safe place is:

'I shall never be confounded,
I am trusting in his word.'

Ten Things Worth Remembering.

1. There are three letters in the word Old, and nine in the word Testament. These figures placed together give the number of books in the Old Testament, viz., thirty-nine.

2. Multiply the two figures and you have twenty-seven, which is the number of books in the New Testament. Add the numbers and you have sixty-six, which is the number of books in the whole bible.

3. The first five books in the bible are called the Pentateuch.

4. The next twelve are called historical books.

5. The next five are called the poetical books.

6. The other seventeen are called prophetical books.

7. The first four books of the New Testament are called gospels.

8. The next book is called the Acts of the Apostles, or may be styled the history of the establishment of Christianity.

9. The next twenty-one are called the Epistles, fourteen of which were written by St. Paul.

10. The last book in the New Testament is called the Revelation of St. John the Divine.

Correspondence.

AGAINST THE LAW.

A correspondent sends us the following reminiscences of his youth:

'I remember about fifty years ago, in Ohio, that it was against the law to read the bible or pray in the schools. But I did not have a reader, and a missionary had left a testament at our house. So I had to read in that at school, oven though it was against the law.

I soon learned the plan of salvation through Jesus our Redeemer, and I was saved from sin and crime by it. I learned in it my relation to God, and my duty to God and man. I learned to pray for help to resist evil, and to love my enemies as well as my friends.

H. HANSEN.

Pasadena, Cal.

[A personal testimony of this kind is always a help to others. It is encouraging to think of the work done by that missionary. Just one of the little seeds dropped by the way, but the prayer of faith accompanied it, In the heart of a little child it took root and has doubtless borne much fruit. Who can estimate the amount of good accomplished? Let us take fresh courage in our work for good, believing that he cares for and nourishes the seeds of good we scatter in his name. 'Sow beside all waters.' We should be glad to hear from more of our readers a word of personal testimony and praise. The things which have helped you will doubtless help someone else. Ed.]

The Boy Who Would See the World.

('Sunday Reading for the Young.')

(Continued.)

Little Willie travelled on for two nours in the most delightful mood; then he met a woman on her hilly way to fill her pitcher at the stream below, who directed him to a wayside farm, where he might obtain something to eat and drink, for the sillv little traveller was getting hungry. Here he spent half his sixpence in bread and milk and eggs, and, like a giant refreshed, he walked on again towards London, hardlv knowing whether he was on the right or wrong road.

Oh, it was pleasant walking! and the little fellow's adventurous mind supported him in glee until he had walked a few more miles, when the distance he had travelled began to tell upon his knees, and he felt weary, and would like to have rested himself.

But he was a traveller, and he had read that travellers disdained rest; so on he went, whistling as he went to drown his weary feelings, and refreshed himself at another farm with his other threepence. And now the seriousness of his forlorn position began to dawn upon him, and he was anxious to know how much further he had to walk before he reached London.

'Just ten times as far as you have already come,' said a red-faced farmer, after Willie had made the inquiry of him, at the same time telling him the place he had come from.

'Ten times as far as I have already walked! Then I shall never reach there!'

'Oh, boy, never is a long time,' said the jolly farmer. 'But what makes so young a chap as thee on the road alone? Hast run away from whoam?'

Willie told to the willing ear of the farmer a rambling story, concluding with—'I'm on my way to see the world!'

But he obtained no sympathy from the farmer, who laughingly said, 'Dost see this whip, lad? Now, look'ee here, if you doan't make the best of your way back to your fretting feyther and mother, I will flog thee every step of the way back to your house.'

The honest farmer was a father himself, and felt for the foolish little boy's parents, and did not at all wait to nick out nice words for the young traveller; but rated his bad conduct at its proper estimate.

'Had thee been a poor little shoeless tramp,' he continued, 'I'd have had thee in, and gied thee a bed here; but to see a young gentleman like thee, with a good whoam and good friends, to take up such fangled notions of seeing the world—a bit of a thing like thee, not out of pinafores—I'd gie thee a good hiding first, and send thee to school afterwards. Be off back whoam, and learn your duty to your parents, and thank God you've got parents to go to. Here, take your threepence, and toddle back from whence you came.'

'I wish I had not told you now,' said the boy, staring at the farmer, (he spoke in those sullen tones so often noticeable in stubborn boys); 'but I shall go on my journey for all you say.'

'And do you think there are bears, lions and tigers in Lunnon?'

'No, I don't but in African jungles, and that's not far off.'

'Oh, you little dunce!' cried the farmer. 'Dost think Africa is near Lunnon? Why, it's hundreds of thousands of miles away across the sea!'

Willie was an ignorant, conceited little boy, and had not at all profited by his attendance at school, and knew scarcely anything of geography.

'Kill bears and lions, indeed!' continued the farmer, laughing. 'Why, my dog, Brindle, would frighten thee out of thy wits if thee had any! Hi! ho! here, Brindle!' he cried. And out through the stone passage of the farm came the barking, sturdy dog; and who, when he saw the half-frightened Willie, began to growl, and show his white teeth. The farmer laughed loudly when he saw how the lion-killer shrank back in fear of

'DOST SEE THI S WHIP, LAD ?'

the dog, and betrayed his alarm. But he consoled his fears by saying to himself that he did not come out to kill dogs, but lions—there was no play in killing dogs.

(To be Continued.

The Unexpected Lesson.

We find in 'Kind Words,' this story of the boyhood of a distinguished London merchant, as told by himself.

I was, when quite small, an errand boy in the business firm of Leland & Co., and was one day instructed to deliver an important letter at a certain house. With difficulty I found the house in a rather obscure portion of the city. I had expected to see a bank or a store, through whose open door I might walk and deliver the letter to the proprietor inside. On the contrary, I found a residence with the door and every window closed; nor could I see any one to whom I might deliver the letter. I pushed at the door, but it did not open. I walked up and down the sidewalk gazing at each closed window-shutter, in hopes that I might see some one; but no one appeared. I once more pushed at the door with all my might, and was near bursting into tears, so little, in my youthful ignorance, did I know what to do. I did not dare to return, for I had been told to bring an answer.

At length I was startled by a voice, saying, abruptly: 'What do you want, my boy?'

I turned round, and there stood a sedate, stern gentleman, neatly dressed, but in garments rather different from the usual style. He held a walking cane in his hand, and I thought a severe expression rested upon his benevolent features. Though alarmed in my childishness, I still had penetration enough to discern from his countenance that benevolence was a ruling trait with him. So I replied: 'I was trying to get the door open, so as to deliver this letter, sir.'

'Do you not see the knocker there?' he asked. 'Why did you not knock?'

'I did not know,' was my confused reply.

'Then learn. Take hold of the knocker and strike it three or four times.'

I reached up my hand, lifted the knocker, and with it rapped on the door several times in succession. The loud noise startled me again; but, to my surprise, almost immediately the door flew open and a servant stood politely bowing as he held it back. The gentleman then walked in and bade me enter. He took the letter from my hand, and then I became aware that he was the one for whom the letter was intended. He treated me with great kindness, and when I was dismissed with an answer to the letter, he said to me: 'My boy, do you ever read the bible?'

'Yes, sir,' I replied.

'Do you remember the passage, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

'I do remember it, sir.'

'I hope that you are better able to understand its meaning than you did before. If you remember, my door was not opened for you until you knocked. As soon as you knocked the door was opened. So, by our prayers, we must knock at the door of mercy. We must ask if we want God to give us anything. Now, knocking is asking—nay, it is asking with great earnestness. God does not save us until we ask him, and ask earnestly. If you want salvation, then, ask, and it shall be opened unto you.'

I never forgot that lesson.

Little Sins.

Charlie was spending the winter with his married sister. Every one thought him a good boy; indeed, he himself was quite sure he could do nothing wrong. One day, as he was passing the pantry; he saw a box of raisins. They were the largest raisins he had ever seen. He stepped in slyly, and took a bunch, and then slipped away, feeling like a thief; and, yet, thinking, 'It is only a little thing.' This he did day after day, till there was quite a hole in the box of raisins. Still no one seemed to notice it.

One day, a visitor told the following story at the dinner-table:

Walking through a fine park, two years before, he had seen a large sycamore tree. A wood worm about three inches long was forcing its way under the bark of its trunk. 'Ah!' said the gentleman who was with him, 'in time that worm will kill the tree.'

'A hard thing to believe,' said his friend.

'By and by you will see,' replied the other.

Soon the worm was found to have gotten quite a distance under the bark. The next summer the leaves dropped off earlier than usual. Something serious seemed the matter. When the next summer came—just two years from the time the worm began its work—the tree was dead. The hole made by the worm could be seen in the very heart of the trunk.

'You were right,' said the gentleman; 'the tree was ruined by that worm only three inches long.'

If a worm could do such harm, what may not what persons call 'little sins,' do to a man or woman, a boy or girl?'

Charlie felt the blood rush into his face. He was sure every one must know about the raisins, and that the story was told on purpose. He did not dare to look up from his plate. After dinner they all went into the parlor; but, as no one took special notice of him, Charlie concluded that he must be mistaken. Still, he began to feel now, as never before, that God knew all about it.

The next time he was tempted to take from a basket that was not his, he remembered what the worm did to the tree. "That is just what sin is doing to my soul," he thought. He drew back in fear, and ran away as fast as possible; nor could he rest until he had told his sister the whole story. Then he went, with a lowly, penitent heart to his heavenly father, asking that his sins might be forgiven, and that, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, a new spirit might be put within him. —English Paper.

Two to See.

'Why did you not pocket some of those pears?' said one boy to another, 'nobody was there to see.' 'Yes, there was; I was there to see myself, and I don't mean ever to see myself do such things.' I looked at the boy who made this noble answer. He was poorly clad, but he had a noble face; and I thought how there were always two to see your sins, yourself and your God; one accuses and the other judges. How then, can we ever escape from the consequences of our sins? We have a friend in Jesus Christ, who says, 'Trust in me, and I will plead for you, and befriend you.' Will you not prize such a friend?—'Rays of Light.'

'When Did I Make the First False Move?

'Checkmate, isn't it, Johnny?' and little Willie looked up at his brother with a smile of triumph.

'That is so; and I've lost the game,' said the brother, looking dolefully at the few chessmen still remaining on the board. It had been a well contested game, although, to the father, who had been watching, the defeat of the elder brother had been for some time a foregone conclusion.

'You need not look so doleful about it, my son,' laughed the father. 'Accept your defeat cheerfully, in the hope of doing better next time.'

'That's all right, dad. I've been defeated fair and square; but then, I ought to have won, because, as you know, I am a much stronger player than Will. When did I make the first false move, I wonder?'

'Ah! a very pertinent question to ask, Johnny, and one that every chess player should endeavor to get answered. I believe I can point out where you first went wrong.'

'How was it, dad? Do say.'

'It was early in the game, your fourth move, I think, it was. There was nothing glaringly wrong about it, simply a weak move, but one that led you into difficulties you were not strong enough to surmount.'

'I see now that I was wrong,' said Johnny.

'Then in your next game you will not be so likely to repeat it. In every lost game the losing player first went wrong somewhere, and in watching others play it is of vast importance that we should be able to point out when the first false move was made. This is one of the many valuable lessons which chess teaches us, and which I trust you boys will learn and put in practice. We may be quite sure that every moral failure in life had a false move. Whenever in any case you see the game closed and poor weak man checkmated by the devil you may wisely remember that there must have been a moment when the losing player first went wrong.'

'I wonder when poor Dr. B—— first went wrong,' said Johnny thoughtfully, 'I saw him to-day as I was coming from school, and he was so drunk that a policeman had as much as ever he could do to hold him up. It was dreadful to see him, papa.'

'Poor Dr. B——!' exclaimed the father. 'Drink and drugs have done their work, and now he is nothing but a miserable wreck of a man, utterly ruined physically, socially, and morally. I don't suppose he has a patient in the town, and all his friends and relatives have discarded him. If he called upon either of them it would be unsafe to leave him in a room by himself, for he would steal anything he could put his hands upon and pawn it in order to obtain drink and morphia. No one sinks suddenly into the depths he has reached. There was a first wrong move, and I think I could tell you when it was made.'

'Do tell us, papa,' exclaimed both boys.

'We were at school together, though not classmates, he being some three or four years my junior. I remember him well, innocent-looking and generous hearted, as any in the school, full of fun but without thought of wrong-doing. He, however, came under the influence of a bad set of boys, who made use of him as a tool. It was not long after grocers began to sell wines and spirits, and attracted by the novelty of sherry at fifteen pence a bottle, these boys used to club together their pocket-money and obtain it from one of Gilbey's agents. They generally drank it in the dormitory after bedtime. Of course, to obtain this wine was comparatively easy; no one supposed a boy would be going to a grocer's shop for any wrong purpose, but none could have gone to a public-house or a wine merchant's without certain discovery. The boy was sent after this sherry, sometimes in the day, but not seldom at night, when all were supposed to be in bed. He joined the others in drinking the stuff, and soon came to like it. That, I believe, was the first wrong move, which has led to defeat and utter ruin.'

'But the other fellows were worse than he was, papa. What became of them?' asked Johnny.

'I don't think any of them have so utterly collapsed as the doctor. They were stronger lads than he, made of much harder material. At the same time, I much question if either has come to any good. As boys they were certainly much worse than the doctor, though he has been the greatest sufferer.'

'That woman mamma goes to see sometimes—when did she make the first false move? Mamma says that she was at one time quite a lady.'

'Ah, yes! Poor Miss C——. I fear that will turn out to be another miserable defeat. She has made so many false moves one after the other, that all hope of recovery seems well nigh gone.'

'But when did she first go wrong, papa?' asked Willie.

'As far as I know, it was at a yeomanry ball given at the Assembly Rooms, many years ago. It appears she disgraced herself through taking too much wine, and never seemed able to hold up her head again. I have heard her speak of it with bitter self-reproaches.'

'It seems that most people go wrong at first through drink,' said Willie.

'Well, it wasn't through drink I made the first wrong move just now that lost me the game,' said Johnny.

'That will remind you, boys, that a teetotaler may make a wrong move, and if he does he will risk losing the game. Every wrong move has its consequences, which cannot be ignored.'

'But,' said Johnny, 'a player may recover himself and come out the winner notwithstanding.'

'That is so; but he cannot recall the wrong move. Once made it is irrevocable. A wrong move in chess is never excused and never forgiven. The player may recover himself through subsequent care and skill, but he must take the consequences of a wrong move, which, to say the least of it, will be a harder game to play.'

'Is it so in—in life, papa?' seriously asked Johnny.

'It is, my boy,' replied the father. 'A wrong move in life can never be called back. The laws of life are as hard and unforgiving as the laws of chess. There is nothing unfair about that, is there?'

'Well, not in chess. It would never do to allow a player to call back a move once made.'

'It is just the same in life, my son. There is nothing unfair in the laws of life.'

'What is to be done, then, papa?' said the boy, as the hardness of life seemed to come home to him.

'There is only one safe course for any of us, and that is to do right from the start, and to keep on doing it.'

'How about those who have made wrong moves, papa?'

'They must take the consequences, my son.'

'Dear mamma says there is forgiveness with God,' whispered little Willie.

'Your mamma is one of God's gentle evangelists, dear boys, and what she has told you is the great comfort and strength, and hope of our lives, amid the mistakes and many wrong moves we have made.'—'Temperance Record.'

A Slumbering Demon Aroused

The following startling account appears in an English journal: A man, who had been a drunkard for many years was induced to sign a pledge of total abstinence, which he kept inviolate through all temptation. At length, while superintending some repairs on a hotel, the landlord offered him a glass of beer. This he declined. He was urged to drink, but still he refused. Continued urging only made his refusal still more peremptory, while he claimed the right to do as he pleased. But for some reason the landlord chose to tempt him further, and watching for an opportunity, tipped the glass so that some drops of beer fell on his lips. This taste was sufficient to arouse the demon of appetite that had so long slumbered. The glass was seized and drained of its contents with an eagerness that startled all who witnessed it. Work was abandoned directly, and a family which had rejoiced over the rescue of a husband and a father from a fate worse than death, were prostrated with grief. Many efforts were afterward made to reclaim him, and often did he promise never again to touch the destroying drink, but these promises were quickly broken. He had lost all power of self-control. He lived to become a miserable vagabond, wandering from place to place, wretched and despairing, dying at last in a public almshouse, all because of a glass of beer.

It Prevents Growth.

Professor J. W. Seaver, M.D., of Yale University, in a recent article states that data gathered by him among the students show that students who use tobacco do not grow in height, weight, chest measure or lung capacity, as do non-users. He also states that when the highest possible working ability is demanded among the students tobacco is one of the first things forbidden. If these results are apparent among highly favored college students how much greater must be the harm among those, who, by inheritance, training and surroundings are less fortified.

Tobacco strikes even deeper than the marrow of the bones. It assails the moral nature, especially of the young. It deadens the sensibilities and weakens the will. It dulls the intellect and dwarfs the body. It creates morbid appetites, and at all times tends towards that which is evil at the expense of the good. Unless the tobacco habit is checked, especially among boys and young men, the inevitable result, I believe, will be physical and moral impairment and a marked degeneracy of the race.—Joseph A. Conwell.

An English woman estimated that if all Englishmen would deny themselves of only one-tenth the alcohol they now waste their money upon, she would be able with the proceeds to send out 45,000 new missionaries, giving each a salary of $1,500. —'Golden Rule.'

LESSON IV.—Jan. 23.

THE BEATITUDES.

Matt. v., 1-12. Memory verses, 3-10.

Golden Text.

'Ye are the light of the world.'—Matt. v., 14.

Daily Readings.

M. Mark i., 21-34.—A Sabbath day's ministry in Capernaum.
T. Mark i., 35-2: 14. — Other incidents in Jesus' Galilean ministry.
W. Mark ii., 23-3: 6.—The story of the Galilean ministry, continued.
Th. Mark iii., 7-19. — The choosing of the twelve.
F. Matt. v., 1-12.—Sermon on the Mount — the Beatitudes.
S. Matt. v., 13-32.—'Ye are the light of the world.'
S. Matt. v., 33-48.—'Be ye therefore perfect.'

Lesson Story.

When Jesus saw the great multitudes that followed him to hear his teaching and to see his miracles, he went up on a mountain. His disciples and all those who wanted to hear more of his teaching, followed him up the mountain. When they were all quietly gathered before him he began to teach them about his new kingdom and the kind of people who should be in it. He taught them the real blessedness of life—something very different from what the world calls bliss.

Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Lesson Hints.

The Sermon on the Mount (Matt., v., vi., and vii.) has been called the Charter of the Kingdom of Heaven. The 'octave of blesseds,' or beatitudes open and close with a description of the inhabitants of that kingdom. No one is too poor to belong to the kingdom, the very poverty and need of a soul constitutes a claim on the kingdom. Wealth cannot buy the least position in the kingdom, Worshippers of Mammon are absolutely excluded. Wealth of mind, culture, refinement, and knowledge are not necessary qualifications of those who seek to enter the Kingdom of God.

Entrance is secured through want, the acknowledgment of want, and the appropriation of God's supply for all our wants — Jesus himself.

'Mountain'—a little hill near Capernaum, where Jesus had spent the whole of the previous night in prayer. (Luke vi., 12.)

'Set' — the Rabbis always sat down to teach while the people stood.

'His disciples'—this probably includes all those who took the pains to climb the mountain that they might hear more of his teachings. 'Disciple' means a scholar or learner.

'Blessed'—happy. The term 'beatitudes' comes from the Latin word 'beatus,' blessed.

'Poor in spirit'—a class greatly despised in this world, but highly esteemed in the kingdom of heaven, for God fills such with his own Spirit, if they will let him.

'They that mourn'—Jesus came to comfort the mourner (Luke iv., 18) and the blessedness of the mourner consists in realizing Jesus' sympathy and compassion. The heathen mourns in hopeless anguish, the Christian in his darkest hour of anguish can see a bright ray of hope and experience the deep, sweet, rich comfort wherewith Jesus himself comforts his loved ones. The comforting sympathy of Jesus makes precious every sorrow.

'Meek'—lowly, like Jesus. (Isa. liii., 7.) No pride, no self-conceit, no forwardness, Bold as a lion in danger, yet meek as a lamb in provocation. People of the opposite qualities think they possess the earth, but the earth is the Lord's (Ps. xxiv., 1) and he will give it to whomsoever he shall choose. (Psa. xxxvii., 7-11. Rev. ii., 26.)

'Hunger and thirst'—Soul longing, as real as the hourly craving of the body. The body must die without food. A famished soul may exist for many years in a torpor, but when it wakes it hungers and thirsts. The soul that thirsts for fame may not be satisfied. The soul that thirsts for wealth may not be satisfied, even if wealth is obtained.

The soul that thirsts after God cannot but be satisfied. God stands ready with the Water of Life to fill the empty soul, The Water of Life is satisfying. (John iv., 14. Rev. xxii., 17.)

'Merciful' — merciful in our thoughts as well as deeds. Not only clothing the poor and feeding the needy, but thinking kindly of our brothers and sisters. No sarcasm, no unnecessary criticism or harshness should be in the heart of a follower of Jesus. (Jas. ii., 13.)

'Pure in heart'—not only those whose conduct seems to the world correct, but those in whose hearts God finds no cherished evils. The world cannot know all our thoughts, but God can. We must resolutely shut our hearts against those evil imaginations which the enemy of our souls wishes to hide there. We are not strong enough to keep our hearts pure — no, but Jesus is. Jesus can fill us with his own thoughts, thoughts of God, so shall we see him. (II. Cor. iii., 18.)

'Peacemakers'—those who yield everything but principle for the sake of peace. Jesus is the Prince of Peace (Isa. ix., 6.) So often it is in our power to speak the kind word which averts a quarrel. So often an explanation or apology from us would set straight a misunderstanding. The meek and merciful will find no difficulty in being peacemakers, and thus showing themselves the children of God.

The citizens of the Kingdom are persecuted, scorned, and jeered at by the world because of their lack of worldliness. (John xv., 18-21; xvi., 33.)

Nine times our King calls his subjects happy, then he bids them to rejoice and be exceeding glad.

Primary Lesson.

A little girl once said she was learning the 'Beautytides.' She meant the Beatitudes, but I don't think she made a very great mistake in the name.

The Beatitudes are pictures of beautiful people, and the rewards that God gives them.

The first beauty picture is of those persons who are always looking out for other peoples' happiness.

'Poor in spirit'—they are not always thinking of the things that belong to them, or the things they ought to have, or what other people ought to do for them. They do not think themselves better than anybody else. They think everyone else better than themselves, and rejoice in the goodness of others. They are never jealous or mean or proud. They are loving and generous and meek, like Jesus. They are beautiful in God's sight.

Did you know that doing beautiful acts and thinking beautiful thoughts will make your face beautiful? The plainest face will grow into beauty as its owner grows into the likeness of Jesus. The prettiest face will lose its beauty if its owner keeps unkind or jealous or proud selfish thoughts in the heart.

If you wish to be beautiful when you are old, you must begin now by the power of Jesus to do loving deeds and to think sweet loving thoughts.

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

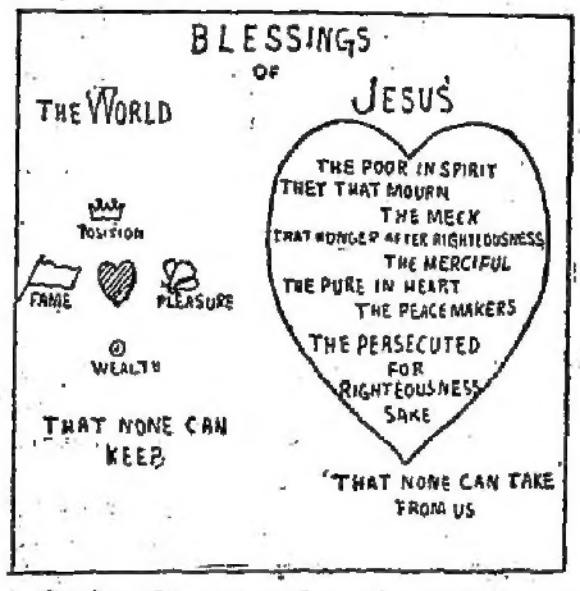
Jan. 23.—Matt. v., 1-12.

Jesus' pulpit was sometimes a mountain, and sometimes a boat. The greatest of open-air preachers, whose words always taught the attentive ones. Verses 1 and 2. The poor in spirit are often persecuted for righteousness' sake, but both enjoy the same blessing. Verses 3 and 10. Nothing can comfort the mourner like the promises of God. The merciful are rewarded according to their works, for God is rich in mercy. Verses 4 and 7. They whose character is fashioned after the meek and lowly Jesus, will be blessed in this world also, for the earth is the Lord's. Verse 5. The perfect righteousness of Jesus Christ always satisfies those who hunger and thirst after it. Verse 6. They only are pure whose hearts are washed in Calvary's fountain. They who sacrifice everything for peace except truth are the true peacemakers. Both are sons of God, and shall be satisfied when they awake in his likeness. Verses 8 and 9. Persecution for Christ's sake is small compared to the heavenly reward, and should beget joy rather than sorrow. Verses 11 and 12.

The Lesson Illustrated.

Blessed in the Greek means a divine, a godlike happiness, and we notice at once that all Jesus' blessings pertain to what we are, while the world counts as blessings the things we have. So we put his blessings in a heart, noticing that the second, third and fourth refer to our attitude to God, the third, fourth, and fifth, our attitude to men, the sixth includes both, and that no man can take these from us.

Contrast with this the world's blessings; a crown for position, a flag for fame, a butterfly for pleasure, and a coin, or better, a bag, with the sign for dollars upon it, to stand for wealth, all outside the heart, liable to be taken at any time, certain to be taken from us soon.



The two pictures form a very vivid presentation of on one side, the Messiah, and blessings the world expected; and on the other the character of the saviour who came.

Lesson Hymn.

O happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head.

O happy if ye labor,
As Jesus did for men:
O happy if ye hunger,
As Jesus hungered then!

—Joseph of the Studium.

Suggested Hymns.

'A child of the King,' 'Christ receiveth sinful men,' 'We are but little children,' 'I've found a Friend,' 'The Prince of Peace,' 'O see how Jesus trusts Himself,' 'More like Jesus would I be.'

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Jan. 23.—Practical applications of the Beatitudes.—Matt. v., 1-12.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

Safety in buying seeds. — There is no other way to measure the value of seed than by the value of the crop. A good crop simply cannot come from poor seed. Second-rate seeds will waste good land, good fertilizer, and good labor, and the crop won't pay expenses. Now, as the practical farmer cannot afford to waste time testing seeds, to find out whether they are true to name, sound and clean, it stands to reason that the only safe way to buy seeds is to seek the protection of a name that has stood for reliability in the past. The great seed house of D. M. Ferry & Co., Windsor, Ont., has sold seeds all over Canada and the United States for the last forty-two years, and the steady growth of the business is a sure indication that Ferry seeds have given satisfaction. 'Ferry's Seed Annual for 1898,' a standard guide for farmers and gardeners, containing much valuable information, is sent free to persons writing for it.

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'Day's Work Done,' 19 x 18, an exquisite rural sunset scene.

'Roses,' 20½ x 13½, a cluster of pink and white of this favorite flower, by George C. Lambden.

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